

THE
JACOBI·TES HUDIBRAS,
CONTAINING
The Late KING'S
DECLARATION
IN
TRAVESTY.



L O N D O N,
Printed for *Abel Roper* at the Mitre near
Temple-Bar. 1692.

THE
JACOBITES' HISTORY
CONTAINING
THE LAST KING'S
DECLARATION
IN
TESTAMENT



LONDON
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Temple-Bar. 1692.

TO THE
READER.

TO Triumph over Ruin and Misery, is but an unmanly sort of Insult; and in the Case of Princes, possibly, it may bear a yet harder Name. And therefore this following piece of *Burlesq*; will, perhaps, be liable to fall under some Censure on that Account. We confess indeed that Charge at first glance may seem to lie against us, had we not this Justification on our side, *viz*. That the late King's *Declaration*, the Subject of our grinning Meeter, is a Piece so disingenuous (to give it no severer an Epithite) that the courtest *Doggerel* is a Style fit for it. For not to mention any other notorious Weaknesses in it, (as being somewhat more pardonable) the utter silence throughout it in the least Excuse or Apology for the Misgovernment through his whole Four Years Reign, not so much as one shadow of the least Error

acknow-

acknowledg'd, appears so hardned an Original of Popish *Bigotry* and *Confidence*, that the coursest Treatment is the best it deserves.

From this Honest *Vindication* we have adventured to expose that sometimes *High Jacobite*, but at present, *Faln Dragon*, in a little plain *Ratillery*, as indeed the suitablest Dress for it. For truly the whole *Declaration*, if designed for that Great End, viz. *The Sweetening and Softening three Kingdoms into his Restoration*; certainly the Penmen and Compilers of it could never be in *Earnest*; for considering how they have managed their Arguments that way, the whole Piece take it quite through, must undoubtedly be intended for a *Jest*. As such therefore, to use the old coarse Proverb, *Like to like, quo' the Devil to the Collier*, We have very pertinently Rigg'd it up in this Comical *Travesty*.

THE

acknow-

THE PREFACE.

JAMES R.

A *S late near Port of Grace de Hayre,
By Providence Fore or Back-side Favor,
With our Old Irish Troops incamp'd,
Those thin-worn Under-souls new vamp'd;
By Aid of French Dragons recruited;
The Famous Dear Apostles Booted,
Monsieur and Teague a loving Coupler,
Our ever faithful Dogs in Doubler,
Opening full mouth'd to Jacobite Whistle,
And link'd as close as Rose and Thistle;
We lay expecting Wind and Tide,
Cross Herring-pond to make a stride,
For the late Grand Descent Ding Dong,
No less than Thirty thousand strong;*

The Preface.

All Loyal Hands for the Great Work;
Monfieur true Steel to James and Turk;
And Teague, resolv'd by this bold flim Trick,
To patch up his loft Fame at Lim'rick;
To make the William & Son's Whore;
And pay the Running Boyne old Scores.
Whilst thus Grand Fleet at Brest Equipping,
With lesser Fry of Transport Shipping,
Well Mann'd and Rigg'd from Star to Larboard,
Waiting we lay in mouth of Harbor;
To pave and smooth our way before us,
And tune all sweetly into Chorus,
Wisely to cheer our Subjects Loyal,
We publish'd Declaration Royal,
Their puling Stomachs to prepare
For their expected Bill of Fare:
This Learned Piece, Penn'd, let me tell ye,
By Reverend Bishops Ellis, E-y,
To their Immortal Zeal's Applause,
Joynt Brother Champions of our Cause;
For Jacobite Conveyance printed,
And for our Royal Standard minted.

The Preface.

But (to our Grief of Hearts bet' broken)
Our Wind-bound Cause and Measures broken,
Our Great Intrigues (at last) unravel'd,
And all our Councils stuck and gravel'd;
(For mighty Hopes too oft fall short all,
And Great Designs are things but Mortal)
We hear some Miscreants Male-contented,
Have our great Edit^t mis-presented;
Traduc'd our high Imperial Scribble,
With the hard Names of Dull and Feeble,
Fill'd up with Quibble, Crack and Flaw,
As weak as Heretick Cobweb Law;
Our Declaration, call'd by some
Som'r Meat, by others Sugar-Pumb.
Nay, some whose Tongues we wish Beswagⁿ,
Stick not to say 'twas only written
To tickle Trout, and Bait for Gudgeon,
And all to soften Popish Dudgeon.
In sum, a Hocus Pocus Tool;
What not! all turn'd to Ridicule!

But to unmask the whole Delusion,
Both for our Justice, their Confusion:

Since

The Preface.

Since so many Clod-pates, God knows,
 Can make no Sense of it in Prose:
 We have thought fit, for more effectual
 Enlightning British Intellectual,
 To troll the glibber and the sweeter,
 To have it soften'd into Meeter;
 Resolved to try, if it can chime
 More Sense and Reason tagg'd with Rhime.
 Besides sublimer Charms invite us
 To choose this Glorious way to right us
 As Poetry's exalted Quality
 T' Heroick Fame gives Immortality
 Our Declaration to rehearse
 In lofty Monumental Verse;
 How can we fill a nobler Journal,
 T' enstall our Memory Eternal.
 Given at our Rising Camp
 near Havre de Grace, in
 the last Year of our
 Reign.

Melfort.

Decla.

Declaration.

WHereas * Our ever Dearest Joy,
Lewis that Tory Rory Boy,

Lewis the Great and Absolute,

(Our own beloved Attribute !

An Attribute, that Darling Dearing,

As cost us once Three Crowns the wearing)

Our kindest and almost Twin-Brother

(So like you'll scarce know one from t'other)

Has lent us his kind Help most *Christian*

Against the *Williamite Philistian* ;

To maul their *Orange-Tree*, and try a

Touch with their little great *Goliath* ;

WHereas the most Christian King, in pursuance of the many obliging Promises he has made Us, of giving Us his Effectual Assistance for the recovering of our Kingdoms, and in order to it, has lent Us so many of his Troops, as may be abundantly sufficient to unty the hands of our Subjects, and make it safe for them to return to their Duty.

C

In

In mutual Link like Thong and Buckle,

To bring our Enemies to Truckle,

Suppli'd us all our Tools and Tackle

Our Friends t' us, and Enemies to shackle.

Accordingly with Force t' Equip us,

And Fleet a Thousand strong to Slip us,

For Three Apostate Crowns Subjection,

And Tripple Diadem's Resurrection;

We are resolv'd with Cause most hopeful,

With Arm Puissant, Heart brim Pope-full,

To give the Hereticks Baffinado;

With *Army French*, and *French Armado*,

Recover Kingdoms Renegado.

These Forces lent us to Restore us,

And fairly drive the World before us,

* More we could borrow, if need were,

For *Lewis* has enough to spare.

* And has notwithstanding for the present, according to our desire, purposely declined lending over Forces to *Names*, as ought raise any Jealousie in the Minds of our Good Subjects.

All which Foreign Troops, as soon as we shall be fully settled in the quiet and peaceable Possession of our Kingdoms, We do hereby promise to send back.

But

But for good Reasons why and wherefore
These shall be all we want, or care for.

And now for cheering Subjects loving,
Wisely and prudently removing
All Jealousy from *French* Invasion;
(As God-wot they 've but small occasion,
Besides the Honor we have about us,
And the no Cause they have to doubt us,
We promise when we readvance
To *English* Throne by Pow'r of *France*,
Those Champions for our *Jus Divinum*,
Help't by our Friends above to join 'em,
The worthy Heroes Dead, and gon' all,
St. *Ruth*, St. *Coleman*, St. *Tyrconnet*,
Those Saints in our great Truth departed,
And still in Heav'n r' our Cause truehearted,
Those Fighting, and these Interceding,
Have brought home *Dame* and *Master Reading*:
When *Fleur de liff* has humbled *Lyon*,
And rais'd the Walls of our fain *Sion*:
We'll send back every Mothers Son:
These *Monsieurs* when our Work is don'

EnA

Upon

Upon Our Royal Word be't spoken,
 (That Faith, you know, was never broken)
 With nimble *Vade, presto, hocum,*
 One Puff shall sweep the Trooping *Locusts*.
 Nay to ensure our Word yet faster,
Lewis himself, Our Lord and Master,
 Shall kindly condescend to be
 Our honourable Guarrantee.
 Him w' have engaged by Oath and Vow;
 (Bonds which he never kept till now;) *To*
 But we have pow'r to tie him more
 Than all Mankind cou'd do before.
 What tho you know his Hopes do fly
 At Universal Monarchy;
 (That blessed Work well-nigh gon through
 Had we but held our Throne till now,) *And*
 Which highest Pinnacle of Glory
 When you shall see him perch before ye
 And which, when we remount our Seat
 Our helping Hand shall soon compleat;
 (Our least Return for Crown Restor'd,
 To lend him ours, who lent his Sword;) *Well*
 To lend him ours, who lent his Sword; *will*
 And

Upon

In that great Day, that finishing Stroke,
 When France all Christendom shall Yoke;
 What tho all Europe go to Pot,
 England's alone th'excepted Spot:
 We and our Heirs the Throne shall sit on.
 He means no Harm to little Britain,
 So far from the least thought to Shackle us,
 (Believe it spoke with Voice Oraculous)
 Britain sleeps safe, no Chains upon her,
 Secur'd by Lewis Guardian Honor.
 Then safely trust what Sacred true is;
 Nor doubt your Faithful James nor Lewis.

* But why (as if our Cause could droop)
 Do we descend so low, to stoop
 To Arguing, or Cases stating?
 It looks like poor Capitulating.

* Tho an Affair of this Nature speaks for it self; nor do We think Our selves at all oblig'd to say any thing more upon this occasion, than, That We come to Assert our Just Rights, and to Deliver our People from the Oppression they lye under; yet when we consider how Miserably many of Our Subjects were cheated into the late Revolution by the Art of Ill Men, and particularly by the Prince of Orange's Declaration, which was taken upon Trust, and easily believed then; but since appears notoriously False in all the parts of it, consisting no less of Assertions that have been evidently disprov'd, than of Promises that were never intended to be performed. To prevent the like Delusions for the time to come, &c.

Our Friends t'indear, and Foes to Fright,
 We bring that thund'ring Title **Right**,
Right, which whene'er it please to shine,
 With that huge Attribute, **Divine**,
 Can say all, do all, and **desie** all;
 And no Body must ask it, **why** all?
 What is't it can't do, great things, small things,
 Make Subjects nothing, Monarchs all things?
 Besides we come with Zeal Inspirant,
 * To free you from the Yoke of Tyrant:
 To ease you from your Shackle-bearing,
 For our true Orient Bracelets wearing,
 That worse than *Nero* in Possession,
 Th'Usurpers Reign all vile Oppression,
 All Cloven Foot; the Nations Curse
 Too great, and will be ten times worse.

* And doubtless from the Observation of the Temper and Complexion, the Methods and Maxims of the present Usurper, from the Steps he has already taken, when it was most necessary for him to give no distaste to the People, as well as from the Nature of all Usurpation, which can never be supported, but by the same ways of Fraud and Violence by which it was set up, there is all the reason in the World to believe, that the beginning of this Tyranny, like the five first Years of *Nero*, is like to prove the mildest part of it; and all they have yet suffer'd, is but the beginning of the Miseries which those very Men, who were the great Promoters of the Revolution, may yet live to see and feel, &c.

Poor Cheated and Deluded Nation!
 Nothing in th'*Orange* Declaration,
 So far from the least Good Intent,
 Either perform'd, or ever meant,
 But false, all Lyes in every Article,
 Line, Syllable, each part and Particle;
 But how or where! so poona Thing's
 Below the Cognizance of Kings.

However for authentick proof,
 We say 't's all False, and that's enough:
 And what we say! is *Démonstration*
 As clear as Transubstantiation!

We must confess we once run from ye,
 And turn'd our Royal Bum upon ye,
 That Bum which to have made us come again,
 You should have kiss'd & have brought us home again!

What tho at that abrupt Departure,
 We broke up House, and threw up Charter;
 Strip'd all our own Regalia; nay,
 Threw ev'n our own Great Seal away:
 But what of that! what if we had gone
 As far as honest *Presto John*;

Or

Or to the farthest Turkish Town;
 And left you all to hang or drown?
 (To Turkish Town! Yes, welcome there
 For *Lewis* sake, we had met good Cheer.)
 'Tis true, indeed, our scamp'ring Dance
 (†) Was only into sweet dear *France*:
 To *Monsieur* bound with Oaths most godly,
 With th' rest o' th' World we stood so oddly,
 That troth, for private Reasons told us
France was the only place could hold us.
 But what if we had run to th' Devil!
 What then! must you be so uncivil!
 'Tis not alas, our running Sauntery
 Nor all your *Abdication* Banter,
 That can excuse a Fault so spiteful
 As dispossessing Prince so Rightful.

† Our arrival in *France*, the only part in *Europe* to which we could retire with safety,

You've read of old of Bloody Work

* 'Twixt House of *Lancaster* and *Tork*.

And what if for some unknown Crime,

Heav'n, angry Heav'n, in Our life time,

No doubt, to Scourge ungrateful Nation,

Shall not ordain our Restoration.

(Three undon Kingdoms Loss irreparable

With all its Train of Woes inseperable!)

However if We fail (pray mind us!)

We leave our little *Wales* behind us.

Besides, as Matron wife have tell'd her,

Our Queen has got a *Tork* in *Kolder*.

A *Tork* unless (what Heav'n forbid)

Our loss should make her lose her Kid.

Think O what dangers then you run ye

With th' endless Plagues entail'd upon ye,

* For all wise Men ought, and all good Men will take care of their Posterity; and therefore it is to be remembered, that if it should please Almighty God, as one of the severest Judgments upon these Kingdoms, for the many Rebellions and Perjuries they have been guilty of, so far to permit the Continuation of the present Usurpation, that we should not be restored during our Life time, yet an indisputable Title to the Crown will survive in the Person of our dearest Son the Prince of *Wales*, our present Heir apparent, and his Issue, and for default of that, in the Issue of such other Sons as we have great reason to hope (the Queen being now with Child,) we may yet leave behind us: And what the Consequences of that is like to be, may easily be understood by all that are not strangers to the long and bloody Contentions between the two Houses of *Tork* and *Lancaster* :

E

When

When *Wales*, young Sprig, 'twixt Rose and Thistle,
Shall once grow up its Thorns to bristle.

But now t' allay our Subjects Frights,
And set their little Wits to rights;
From all their dread of Hemp to chear 'em,
(Nor fear their friends when they've none near 'em)

We issue forth our General Pardon
So large, the like was never heard on :
Mercy so vast and so unbounded,
That but to hear the Fame on't founded }
Our Enemies shall be all confounded.

Only some Rods in Pifs are kept
For these few following we Except.

As first Lords, Prelates, Peers, (what not,)

* All Eyefores to our Cause, (God wot,)

Mounting to Thirty four in number,

All to rid off for useles Lumber;

Excluded for substantial Reason,

Some for Estares, and some for Treason.

* Except the Persons following, viz. Duke of Ormond, Marquis of Winchest.
Earl of Sund. Earl of, &c. Dr. Tillotson Dean of Cant. Dr. &c. — Hunt Fisher-
men.

This List with Dukes and Lords i' th' Van
 Ends with poor *Hunt* the Fisherman.
 For we have sworn on Virgin Pfalter,
 With the same consecrated Halter,
 To truss our little Man of Fish up,
 Hang'd cheek by jowl with great *Archbishop*.

Next we except a sort of Vermine,
 In Hood and Scarlet, Coif and Ermine :
 * The very next up *Holborn* Trudges
 Those Butchering *Jury-Men* and *Judges* ;
 All hands in *Cross* and *Ashton's* Murther
 We have sworn to troop to th' Devil and further.
 Nay th' *Hick's-Hall* Dons must have a rally
 For some *Old-Baily* Scores on Tally :
 Whom we'll make bold to call t' account
 For giving of our Friends a Mount ;
 For trussing Burghlers, noosing Pads,
 Those honest Abdicated Lads ;

* Except also all Persons who as Judges or Jurymen, or otherwise had a hand in the Barbarous Murther of Mr. *John Ashton*, and Mr. *Cross*, or of any others who have been illegally Condemned and Executed for their Loyalty to us :

Who

Who in Allegiance firm and duteous,
 To keep good Conscience sound, and true t'us,
 To drink our Health, and Damn the *Dutch*,
 Perhaps have took a Cup too much :
 Or forc'd, for daily Bread and Cloaths,
 To take Purse t'escape taking Oaths.
 But Woe that Criminal Wretch so tardy,
 Whose crying Guilt has been so hardy,
 To dare to Try, Condemn, or Hang,
 Our best best Friends, our *Dear-Joy* Gang ;
 Our *Rapparee* and *Teague-land* Breed,
 Of our own true Shalvation Creed ;
 Be't doom'd with Vengeance Magisterial,
 That Sin 'gainst Majesty Imperial,
 That Sin our heaviest Rods shall handle,
 Damn'd trebly, by Bell Book and Candle.
 In short, th'whole Long-robed Mouths of Law,
 Must take their Turns at *Hang* and *Draw* ;
 When for these Capital Black Sins
 We've strip'd our Dons in *Cony-skins*,
 Our next uncasing work, Good Sirs,
 Is mauling of *Mechanick Furs* :

All

* All Sparks in Office, Town or City,
 Sheriffs, Bayliffs, all shut out from Pity;
 Mayors, Aldermen, the Kingdom thorough,
 From *London* Great, to small *Queenborough*;
 Who, when we first set Foot in Nation,
 Shall not in ample Acclamation,
 With Bells, Huzzahs, and Bone-fires Greet us,
 Burn Caps, and run stark Mad to meet us:
 Nay even that Hour we step from Water,
 (What tho' they venture Necks, no matter!)
 Immediately by Proclamation
 Publish this Royal Declaration;
 All such from hopes of Grace we Bilk,
 And Damn as black as Butter-milk;
 That is, by civil Computation,
Just all the Magistrates i'th' Nation.
 Yes, and for Reasons strong and ample;
 For making, by this wise Example,

* Provided always, That all Magistrates who expect any Benefit of Our Gracious Pardon, shall immediately after Notice of our Landing, make some Publick Manifestation of their Allegiance to Us, and of their Submission to Our Authority; and also Publish and cause to be Proclaimed this our Declaration as soon as it shall come to their Hands, &c.

Whole *Corporations Tyburn Martyrs*,
 Is th'easiest way to Forfeit *Charters*.
 Our Mercy of Gigantick Size,
 † So Great, forgives our very Spies :
 All who our Councils have betray'd,
 Or Royal Secrets open laid :
 Be it a Sin so great (suppose it)
 Peeping in Father *Petres* Clofet :
 Nay, Crime so bold as to tell Tales
 Of our Sweet Babe the Prince of *Wales*.
 These and worse Sins all pardon'd stand,
 Provided when our Forces Land,
 That Grace to merit from our Hand,
 They purchase our kind Smiles and Favour,
 According to their Good Behaviour.
 For Instance some such Service do us,
 As bring a Ship of War o'er to us ;

† And all Spies, and such as have betray'd Our Councils during our late Absence from *England*, that by an early return to their Duties, and by any Signal Mark of it, as by Seizing to Our Use, or Delivering into our Hands any of Our Forts, or by bringing over to Us any Ships of War, or Troops in the Usurper's Army, or any new raised and Armed by themselves, or by any other Eminent Good Service, according to their several Opportunities and Capacities, shall manifest the Sincerity of their Repentance, shall not only have their respective Pardons immediately pass'd under the Great Seal of *England*, but shall otherwise be Considered and Rewarded by Us, as the Merit of their Case shall require.

Betray

Betray some Town or Fort; or Charm ye
 Some Troop o'er from th' Usurper's Army.
 Do this, and our Good Graces reap;
 And well they buy their Necks so cheap.
 Nay, for a Spill more and above,
 We'll pay half Mony, not all Love,
 Resolving to Regain our Crowns,
 As *Lewis* Buys his Conquer'd Towns.

And lastly, we Exclude all those
 (*A Small Exception 'tis, God knows*)
 From the first Minute of our Landing,
 All General Pardon notwithstanding,
 Shall dare do any *Act* or *Thing*
 T'oppose Restoring of your King.
 This Lash the Black-Coat Tribe shall Scourge ye,
 For this last Swoop takes all the Clergy;
 From Haughty Miter'd Prelate, down
 To plain Sir *John* in tatter'd Gown,
 Poor Parson, who rings in the People
 With Candle-stick in Country Steeple;
 All that in Heretick Pray'rs shall dare ye
 To Pray-Success to *Will.* and *Mary.*

Not

Nor shall this maul the Pastor's Hide
Alone, but Fleece the Sheep beside.

* For woe to all their smarting Backs,
Shall dare to pay one Penny Tax;

For that, you're told in Declaration,
Is to Abet the Usurpation.

Thus take the Kingdom round, Poor Soul,
He Forfeits Head that Pays but Poll.

To sum up all, when we begin,
(Our Mild Forgiving Hand once in,)

Our tender-hearted Inclination,

Excepts no more than **All the Nation,**

As bound by Romish Oath Religious,

To act with Mercy thus Prodigious.

† And now our Church of *England* Greeting,
With some few Honey-words at meeting;

* And We do hereby strictly Forewarn and Prohibit any of Our Subjects whatsoever, either by Collecting or Paying any of the Illegal Taxes lately imposed upon the Nation, or any part of Our Revenue, or by any other ways to Abet or Support the present Usurpation.

† And We do hereby further Declare and Promise, That We will Protect and Maintain the Church of *England*, as it is now by Law established, in all their Rights, Privileges and Possessions: And that upon all Vacancies of Bishopricks and other Dignities and Benefices within our Disposal, care shall be taken to have them filled with the most Worthy of their own Communion.

Some

Some small Civility Complimental;
 Nor with least *Reservation Mental*,
 To talk Romantickly, or fright ye
 With Boasted Wonders over-mighty,
 Intended by us to Protect it:
 Because we'd have you not expect it.
 Know then with the same *Mood Most Royal*,
 Of which already you've had Tryal,
 Your Heretick Rights maintain'd devoutly,
 We'll act your Churches Champion stoutly,
 (To speak in Style some call *Ironick*)
 We'll 't with Orthodox Canonically
 Secur'd in all their Privileges!
 And this we vouch *in Verbo Regis*.
 But as to either *School or College*,
 Or *Academy*; we acknowledge,
 Our Declaration (Mum!) says nought.
 And why, because with Wife fore-thought,
 For th'old Substantial *Mandlin Breed*
 (Under the Rose) we have decreed
 To make Them *Nurs'ries*, to supply us
 With Father *Teagues* and *Obadiahs*.

* Now You, th' Heroick Men o' th' Blade,
 Professors of the Martial Trade,
 With Hearts most stout, and Brains most shallow,
 And so more fit for present swallow,
 To quit th' Usurper we exhort all;
 Th' Usurper whom we hate most mortal.
 And why, because he takes delight in
 Our natural *Abhorrence, fighting,*
 Who ever shall the Tyrant sham,
 And come to Gentle *the Lambs,*
 Besides our unknown Favours shew'd 'em,
 We'll pay 'em all th' Usurper ow'd 'em;
 Their whole Arrears, each Doit that's due,
As and pay Lewis Army too,
 A pretty Score, when both Counts meet,
 His some odd Pounds for Land and Fleet.

* And we do hereby farther declare, That all Officers of Soldiers, by Sea or Land, now engaged in the Usurper's Service, who shall after notice of our Landing, at any time before they engage in any Fight or Battle against our Forces, quit the said Illegal Service, and return to their Duty, shall not only have their respective Pardons, but shall likewise be fully satisfied and paid all the Arrears due to them from the Usurper *and that even the Foreigners themselves, &c.*

A lumping roaring, thundering Sun,
 And Reck'ning-day must one day come;
 But with our dear sweet Face t' enlighten ye,
 Let not that paltry Trifle frighten ye.
 Nay and considering what heap
 Of Blessings from our Reign you'll reap,
 It is a penny-worth dog cheap ;
 Which you'll, no doubt, pay every Farthing
 And find you're Savers by the bargain.

And lastly, for a smart Conclusion,
 For all our snarling Foes Confusion ;
 One parting, home, dead doing Blow,
 As all Objections shall o'rethrow ;
 We promise you, (and mark us rightly,
 * A Vow to which we'll hold most tightly)
 By our old Model, stamp and Charter
 To Reign, no flincher and no starter,

* And generally we shall delight to spend the remainder of our Reign, [as we have always design'd since we came to the Crown] in studying to do every thing that may contribute to the Re-establishment of the Greatness of the English Monarchy upon its old and true Foundation, &c.

In Church and State, ~~Our cause and we~~
 Our last remaining Thread shall be
 All of a piece, with our first Spinning,
As we design'd from the Beginning,
 If this *Plain-Dealing* will not win ye,
 In troth, I think, the Devil's in ye.

It is a penny-worth dog cheap;
 Which you'll no doubt pay every Farthing
 And find you're savers by the bargain.
 And lastly, for a final Conclusion,

For all our flustering Toes Confusion;
 One paring, home, dead doing Blow,
 As all Objections shall o'throw;

F I N I S.
 * A Vow to which we'll hold most right)
 By our old Model, Stamp and Charter
 To Reign, no flincher and no flatter,

* And generally we shall delight to spend the remainder of our Reign [as we have always delight'd since we came to the Crown] in tending to every thing that may contribute to the Establishment of the Government of the Kingdom, and the Honour of the Crown, and the Peace and Prosperity of the People.

